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THE  
LITTLE  
THAT CHILDREN  
ARE GONE.

WORDS OF COMFORT  
FOR THEIR MOTHERS.











“THE LITTLE CHILDREN

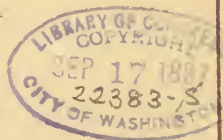
THAT

ARE GONE.”

WORDS OF COMFORT

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*A Mother, whose only little child has lately gone to Heaven, has gathered these thoughts together, hoping that they may comfort other mothers.*





“THE LITTLE CHILDREN  
THAT ARE GONE.”





## “THE LITTLE CHILDREN THAT ARE GONE.”

“WHY do they come, these little ones that enter our homes by the gateway of suffering and that linger with us a few short months, uttering no words, smiling in a mysterious silence, yet speaking eloquently all the time of the purity and sweetness of Heaven? Why must they open the tenderest fountains of our natures only to leave them so soon choked with the bitter tears of loss? It is impossible wholly to answer such questions of the tortured heart, but one can say, in general, that these little temporary wanderers from a celestial home come and go because of the great love of God. It is an inestimable blessing to



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

have been the parent of a child that has the stamp of Heaven upon its brow, to hold it in one's arms, to minister to it, to gaze fondly down into the little upturned face, and to rejoice in the unsullied beauty of its smiles, and then—to give it back to God at His call, with the thought that in heaven, as upon earth, it is still our own child, a member of the household still, to be counted always as one of the children whom God has given us. Such a love chastens and sanctifies the hearts of the father and mother, carries them out beyond time and sense, and gives them a hold upon the unseen. As things of great value always cost, it is worth all the sorrow to have known this holy affection and to have this treasure in Heaven."—*From the*  
ADVANCE.



## “CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.”

“A BABE in glory is a babe forever.  
Perfect as spirits, and able to pour forth  
Their glad hearts in the tongues that  
angels use,  
These nurslings, gathered in God’s nur-  
sery,  
Forever grow in loveliness and love,—  
Growth is the law of all intelligence,—  
Yet cannot pass the limit which defines  
Their being. They have never fought  
the fight,  
Nor borne the heat and burden of the  
day,  
Nor staggered underneath the weary  
cross.

. . . . .



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

. . . . Infancy  
Is one thing, manhood one. And babes,  
though part  
Of the true archetypal house of God  
Built on the heavenly Zion, are not now,  
Nor will ever be massive rocks, rough-  
hewn,  
Or ponderous corner-stones, or fluted  
shafts  
Of columns, or far-shadowing pinnacles;  
But rather as the delicate lily-work,  
By Hiram wrought for Solomon of old,  
Enwreathed upon the brazen chapiters,  
Or flowers of lilies round the molten sea.  
Innumerable flowers thus bloom and  
blush  
In heaven." . . . .

—REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH.





## HER CHILD'S MISSION.

GOD had taken away her only little one, a child of rare, sweet character. The mother grieved that she was not spared to lead a noble life, a life of doing good. Would she not have received greater rewards in Heaven? She asked this question, longing with a mother's love that her child should have the best in Heaven.

"My dear madame," said the man of God, "that little child must have accomplished her mission even in her short life and lovely death, that even a long life might not have done so well.

"She has opened and softened hearts, perhaps more than you are aware of,



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

and the influence of her death has spread abroad and touched many lives." The mother felt comforted, and prayed that she might be brave, and live to fulfil her own mission, and do it as perfectly as her little child had done.—ANONYMOUS.



EARLY LOST, EARLY SAVED.

“WITHIN her downy cradle there lay a  
little child,

And a group of hovering angels unseen  
upon her smiled ;

A strife arose among them—a loving,  
holy strife—

Which should shed the richest blessing  
over the new-born life.

“One breathed upon her features and the  
babe in beauty grew,

With a cheek like morning’s blushes, and  
an eye of azure hue ;

Till every one who saw her, was thankful  
for the sight

Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever  
fresh delight.



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

"Another gave her accent and a voice as  
musical

As a spring bird's joyous carol, or a rip-  
pling streamlet's fall;

Till all who heard her laughing, or her  
words of childish grace,

Loved as much to listen to her, as to  
look upon her face.

"Another brought from heaven a clear  
and gentle mind,

And within the lovely casket the precious  
gem enshrined;

Till all who knew her wondered that  
God should be so good

As to bless with such a spirit our desert  
world and rude.

"Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody,  
and truth;

*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

The budding of her childhood just  
opening into youth ;  
And to our hearts yet dearer every  
moment than before  
She became, though we thought fondly  
heart could not love her more.

"Then out spoke another angel, nobler,  
brighter than the rest,  
As with strong arms but tender, he  
caught her to his breast ;  
'Ye have made her all too lovely for a  
child of mortal race,  
But no shade of human sorrow shall  
darken o'er her face.

"'Ye have tuned to gladness only the  
accents of her tongue,  
And no wail of human anguish shall  
from her lips be wrung ;



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely  
from within  
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever  
know the taint of sin.

" 'Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will  
bear her far away,  
Where there is no sin nor anguish, nor  
sorrow, nor decay ;  
And mine a boon more glorious than all  
your gifts shall be—  
Lo ! I crown her happy spirit with im-  
mortality ! ' "

"Then on his breast our darling yielded  
up her gentle breath,  
For the stronger, brighter angel, who  
loved her best was Death."

—REV. GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D.



## SAFE WITH JESUS.

A SAINTLY woman wrote to a bereaved young mother: "Heaven has been opened to you as never before, and Jesus has come to you so near, that you have almost heard the tender voice asking for your dearest treasure. And He knows the comfort it is to you that the darling is safe with Him."—ANONYMOUS.

"THE elder saints  
Seemed to my eyes a countless multitude;  
But these *cherubic babes* outnumbered them,  
As the dark pine-trees of Siberia's wilds,



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

Unfell'd, immeasurable forests, yield  
In numbers to the ferns and summer  
    flowers  
Which grow beneath their shadowing  
    boughs,  
And fringe their gnarlèd roots with  
    beauty."

—REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH.





## LITTLE PILGRIMS' SANDALS.

“THE way to Heaven is narrow,  
And its blessed entrance straight  
But how safe the little pilgrims  
Who get within the gate!

“The sunbeams of the morning  
Make the narrow path so fair,  
And these early little pilgrims  
Find dewy blessings there.

“They pass o'er rugged mountains,  
But they climb them with a song:  
For these early little pilgrims  
Have sandals new and strong.

“They do not greatly tremble  
When the shadows night foretell,



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

For these early little pilgrims  
Have tried the path so well.

"They know it leads to Heaven  
With its bright and open gates,  
Where, for happy little pilgrims,  
A Saviour's welcome waits."

—N. Y. EVANGELIST.



## THE PARADISE BLOSSOM.

“A SWEET baby head had forgotten  
life's way,  
Asleep on her pillow of roses ;  
Wee hands shutting close as if tired of  
day,  
Like buds which the spring-time dis-  
closes.  
But the beautiful form of my baby was  
still,  
And over the lips of my blossom,  
The dimples lay soft, as the frost o'er  
the hill,  
When a spirit sang low to my spirit at  
will,  
'Christ carries your lamb in His  
bosom.'



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

“ There is never a lamb  
From life's sorrowful fold,  
But wanders in fields that are vernal,  
And never a babe shut away in the cold,  
But blooms in the spring-time eternal.  
When storms sweep the hills,  
And the night gathers cold,  
I'll think of my Paradise blossom,  
And breathe the same song for the  
    weary that weep,  
The weakest are safest; far over the  
    steep,  
Christ carries my lamb in His bosom.”

—ANONYMOUS.



## A QUESTION AND ANSWER.

WHO have the care of these little children who have gone to Heaven; on earth they were never left alone a minute?—No; nor in Heaven. The angels that are holiest and dearest to God care for these little children, for

Jesus said :

“In Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.”

How dear these little children are to God then! It has been said that their angels are within the inner circle, so near to Him that they can gaze upon



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

His face, and know before He speaks  
what is His will concerning them.

Mothers of angels, lift up your hearts.  
How blessed is the state of your little  
ones in Heaven!



“LIFTED OVER.”

“As tender mother, guiding baby steps,  
When places come at which the tiny feet  
Would trip, lift up the little ones in  
arms

Of love, and set them down beyond the  
harm,

So did our Father watch the precious  
boy

Led o’er the stones by me, who stumbled  
oft

Myself, but led my darling on.

He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and  
saw

Rough ways before us, where my arms  
would fail



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

So reached from Heaven, and, lifting the  
dear child,  
Who smiled in leaving me, He put him  
down  
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and  
bade  
Him wait for me! Shall I not, then,  
be glad,  
And, thanking God, press on to over-  
take?"

—HELEN HUNT JACKSON.





## A HEAVENLY COUNTENANCE.

THE little Pilgrim had gone to Heaven. It was all so wonderful, and beautiful, and the people were so kind, and beautiful too. By and by she saw one coming towards her more lovely than all the others she had seen.

“There was something in her face different from that of the others by which the little Pilgrim knew somehow, without knowing her, that she had come here as a child, and grown up in this celestial place. . . . Her countenance was full of a heavenly calm. It had never known passion nor anguish. Sometimes there was in it a far-seeing look of



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

vision, sometimes the simplicity of a child."—MRS. OLIPHANT.

If your little child is gone to God, think how lovely the home! No cloud of sin, pride, or pain will ever cross that little face.



## FOR SAD MOTHERS.

"I KNOW not the way I am going,  
But well do I know my Guide;  
With a childlike trust I give my hand,  
To the mighty Friend by my side.  
The only thing I say to Him  
As He takes it, is, 'Hold it fast,  
Suffer me not to lose my way,  
And bring me home at last.'"

—ANONYMOUS.

"WHAT close and tender links should  
bind that mother's heart to Heaven who  
has among the 'hosts' a little angel all  
her own!"

"The consciousness of those little



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

down-stretching hands, of that pure  
down-reaching love, should be talis-  
mans of power to purify her heart and  
life and make them true and holy."—

MARY FERGUSON



BABY.

“OH, why are your beautiful eyes so red,

Fair Lady?

They have taken my baby out of my bed,

My baby!

Speak sooth, your babe has gone up to

God,

Fair Lady.

His little feet, little feet were not shod,

My baby.

But the road that leads to the Heavenly

Town

Is all over clouds as soft as down,

Fair Lady.

The way of the clouds is long and dim,

I would I were there to carry him,

My baby.



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

He will be holpen by cherubs bright,  
A fair new star for a lamp they light,  
Sweet Lady!  
The way to the Heavenly Town is  
long,  
I would I could sing him a cradle-song,  
My baby.  
Our Lord stands waiting at Heaven's  
door,  
And Mary Mother runs on before,  
Sweet Lady.  
Oh, he will feel strange in that Heavenly  
street,  
My baby.  
But the happy Innocents he will meet,  
Fair Lady.  
For the comely food he will cry and gays,  
My baby.  
They will make him a feast in the Heav-  
enly Place,

*"The Little Children that are Gone."*



Our Lord will be there to speak the  
grace,

And Mary Mother, with godly gays,  
Fair Lady.

The Heavenly Town will grow so dear.

He will forget his mother here,  
My baby.

He shall think of his mother in all the  
cheer,

He shall not forget in a thousand year,  
Fair Lady."

—*From* "LILLIPUT LEVEE."

"THERE are fathers and mothers who seem to see when they look up into the deep blue of Heaven, a dimpled hand that beckons to them, and a silver voice that whispers from the skies, 'Come up higher.'"—R. H. LUNDIF



### SMILES FOR BABY'S SAKE.

“YOU ask me why I smile to-day,  
Though yesterday I wept,  
And though for weary weeks, as well,  
Grief's vigils I have kept.  
You point to that small grave that lies  
Beneath that old elm tree,  
And wonder what has dried the tears  
Which flowed so ceaselessly.

“Ah, friend, last night before I slept,  
The tears fell all too fast,  
Till weary nature fainted, and  
Sweet slumber came at last.  
Then came a dream. Methought I saw  
A garden fair and sweet,



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*



Where reigned a wondrous harmony,  
And beauty all complete.

"And flitting softly here and there,  
In robes of spotless white,  
A host of little ones I saw,  
All radiant and bright.  
And in each little hand they bore  
A lamp with glowing flame.  
Then, 'midst the shining angel throng,  
My own wee darling came.

"Within her dimpled, baby-hand  
A little lamp she bore ;  
But oh, dear friend, its light was dim  
And flickered o'er and o'er.  
And while I wondered grievingly,  
And wept anew with fears,  
One asked, 'Why burns thy light so  
low?'  
She answered 'Mamma's tears.'



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

"Ah me! to think that I should dim  
The light my baby bore!  
I dried my tears, and prayed, 'Dear  
Lord,  
Help me to weep no more!'  
And now I smile for baby's sake;  
And, though I did but dream,  
I love to think that baby's light,  
Bright as the rest will gleam."

—MARY D. BRINE.

"A CHILD in Heaven is a glorious thought, and to look forward to meeting again is a high aspiration. It is but a little while—life is but a shadow that passes away, but eternity endures.

"The love of God is a continual feast and is meant to be an almost rapture of delight."

"Just as you are kind, not only to your



*"The Little Children that are Gone."*

friend, but to his children for his sake, so is God kind, not only to you, but to your children. It was perhaps the fruit and evidence of that kindness that the little one you mourn has been better provided for above, than you could have provided for him here. The Lord chose to have your child beside Himself. And you have done the same thing when your children were absent from home. You wearied for them; you brought them home again; you must have them with you. The Saviour feels thus toward His absent children. 'Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am.' . . . . You will learn, ere long, to look on it as a high honor that your child has been sent for by the Heavenly King."—REV. R. H. LUNDIE.



## A CHILD'S DEATH.

“THOU hast honored my child by the  
speed of Thy choice,  
Thou hast crowned him with glory,  
o'erwhelmed him with mirth;  
He sings up in Heaven with his sweet-  
sounding voice,  
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping  
on earth.

“Yet, oh! for that voice which is thrill-  
ing thro' Heaven,  
One moment my ears with its music  
to slake!  
Oh, no! not for worlds would I have  
him regiven,  
Yet I long to have back what I would  
not retake.”

—FRED. W. FABER.

















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